



BATMAN:
DARK PATTERNS

13+
TEEN 1

WATTERS
SHERMAN
FARRELL

BATMANTM

DARK PATTERNS



WE ARE THE WOUNDED PART ONE

HS
2/4

MEET THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST WARRIORS!

DC HORROR PRESENTS

CREATURE COMMANDOS



WRITTEN BY
**DAVID
DASTMALCHIAN**
ACCLAIMED ACTOR AND
WRITER OF *COUNT CROWLEY*

ART BY
JESÚS HERVÁS

COVER BY **TIRSO**



ALL HELL
BREAKS LOOSE IN
6 MONTHLY ISSUES

AGES 17+



At Central Station, three are apprehended on the tracks, playing chicken with the oncoming A train.

The eldest of them is twelve years old, and tomorrow night they'll do it again.

Two dozen Gotham children have died playing this game in the decades since the metro was built.

In the streets of the Bowery, six dogs have been re-released. They were retrieved from the pound by locals who claimed them as their pets.



These are vicious wild dogs who roam like wolves, killing cats and terrorizing pensioners.

But the Bowery has always had wild dogs, and the people of this city fear seeing it changing around them.





*A building burns in
Cherry Hill. At least
this one was already
abandoned. An insurance
fraud. Or just more kids.*

*Three years of stalking
her streets at night have
taught me there are
heinous things in Gotham
I can do nothing about.*



*I cannot save
people from
themselves.*



*Instead, I grit my
teeth against the
pitch-black tumult
of her chaos...*

...and wait
for a light to
cut through
the dark.

DC COMICS PRESENTS
BATMAN: DARK PATTERNS
WE ARE THE WOUNDED PART 1

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Batman created by
BOB KANE with **BILL FINGER**

"WELL, **LIEUTENANT GORDON**. I CAN TELL YOU IT DEFINITELY HURT.



"THE KILLER PINPOINTED EVERY MAJOR NERVE CLUSTER IN THE BODY, WITHOUT SPILLING A DROP OF BLOOD.



"KEEPING HIM ALIVE AS HE PLAYED HIS BODY AS AN ORCHESTRA OF AGONY."





WE NEED
SOMETHING
NEW. ANYTHING
TO TIE THIS VIC TO
THE PREVIOUS
TWO.



WHO'S
THIS?

OH!

I KNEW
WE'D CROSS PATHS
EVENTUALLY ON ONE
OF THESE OFF-THE-
BOOKS MOONLIGHT
SOJOURNS.

HE'S BEEN
EXTREMELY HELPFUL
IN ID'ING CAUSES OF
DEATH IN THE **WORSE**
FOR WEAR BODIES
THAT HAVE COME
ACROSS THE
GCPD'S DESK.

**CORPSES TELL
A STORY. THE WEAR
AND TEAR OF A LIFE,
BONE FRACTURES,
WOUND
PATTERNS...**

FROM WHAT
I READ OF YOUR
LIFESTYLE, I *HOPE*
I WON'T SEE YOU
ON A SLAB TOO
SOON.

THOUGH
I'M SURE YOUR
BONES AND FLESH
HOLD A MYRIAD
OF FASCINATING
TALES BY NOW.

FROM
THE STATE OF
THE APARTMENT,
HE *IS* LIKE THE
OTHER TWO.

A comic book panel showing Batman, Francis Oakley, and Kenneth Armitage. Batman is in the center, wearing his mask and cape. Francis Oakley is on the left, wearing glasses and a suit. Kenneth Armitage is on the right, wearing glasses and a suit. They are all looking at a body that is lying on a table, which is covered with a red cloth. The body appears to be a man with a beard and glasses, and he is wearing a suit. The background is a dark, industrial-looking setting.

SINGLE. LIVING
ALONE.

BUT OTHER
THAN THAT,
THEY COULDN'T
BE MORE
DIFFERENT.

**FRANCIS
OAKLEY** WAS
A HIGH-FLYING
LAWYER--UNTIL
TWO NIGHTS
AGO.

**KENNETH
ARMITAGE** WAS
RETIRED, LIVING IN
NEAR POVERTY--
UNTIL OUR PERP
GOT HOLD OF HIM
LAST NIGHT.

IT'S
MAGNIFICENT
WORK, YOU
KNOW.

IT WOULD APPEAR
MR. CHOI HERE
FELL SOMEWHERE
IN BETWEEN.

HE
REMOVED THEIR
TONGUES AND
TEETH FIRST SO
THEY COULDN'T
SCREAM.

WHOEVER
YOUR KILLER IS,
HE'S HAD PLENTY
OF **MEDICAL
TRAINING.**

I MEANT FROM
A PROFESSIONAL
PERSPECTIVE.

THE
CLEANNESS.

OBVIOUSLY.

GORDON.
OUTSIDE.



I DON'T TRUST HIM.

HE'S *ODD*, I'LL ADMIT. BUT HE'S GOOD AT WHAT HE DOES.

THE DROOLING. AND THE WAY HIS EYES DART AROUND THE ROOM.

CONSISTENT WITH ABUSE OF PHENCYCLIDINE. OR... **FORMALDEHYDE.**



LORD. YOU THINK SEREIKA'S GETTING *HIGH* ON **EMBALMING FLUID?**



LOOK, GOTHAM'S LAST CORONER QUIT OVER A YEAR AGO...

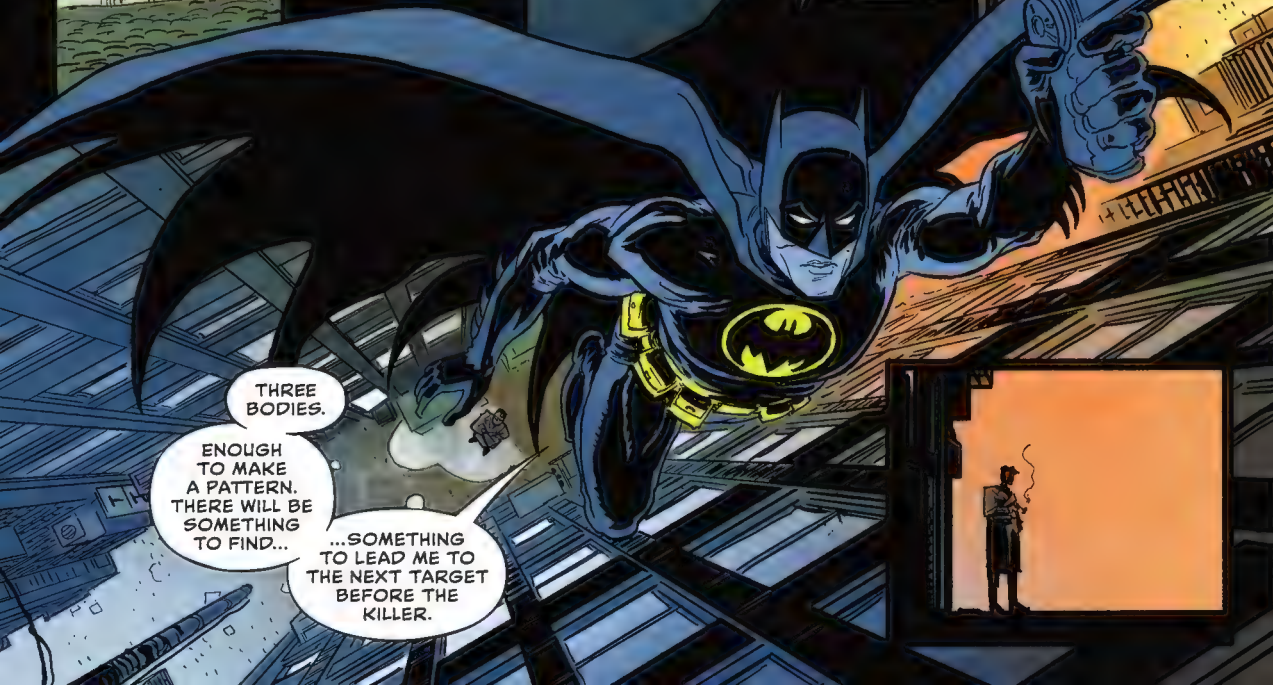
...WHEN **THE JOKER** SENT HIM A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS WITH A "TO MY FAVORITE COLLABORATOR" CARD.

DR. SEREIKA'S FAMILY ARE FROM OLD GOTHAM. GOING BACK GENERATIONS.

EVEN IF HE DID LEAVE FLORIDA UNDER SLIGHTLY... **UNCLEAR** CONDITIONS...

HE'S WHAT WE'VE GOT, AND WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE ANYTHING AT ALL.

Uh... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



THREE BODIES.

ENOUGH TO MAKE A PATTERN. THERE WILL BE SOMETHING TO FIND...

...SOMETHING TO LEAD ME TO THE NEXT TARGET BEFORE THE KILLER.





The majority of
serial killers know
their first victim.

That makes **Oakley**--
the lawyer tortured
to death at his desk
two nights ago--the
key to all this.

His office has refused
to make his private files
available to the GCPD,
citing sensitive
materials.

So I retrieve
them myself.



WHO'S THERE?!

Private security.



FREEZE!

I don't particularly think it's going to be a problem...



Until they keep coming.



And KEEP coming.



Hnn!



Who pays for
this much security
to protect a lawyer
after they're dead?



File it
away for
later.



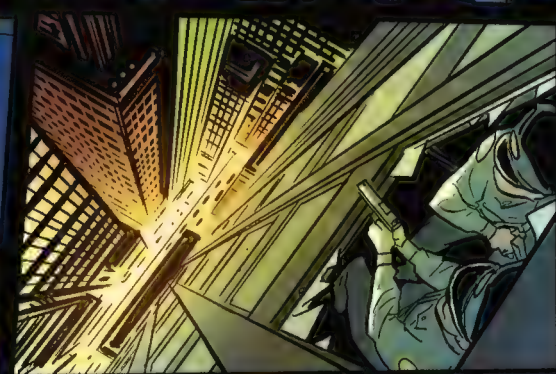
First,
escape.

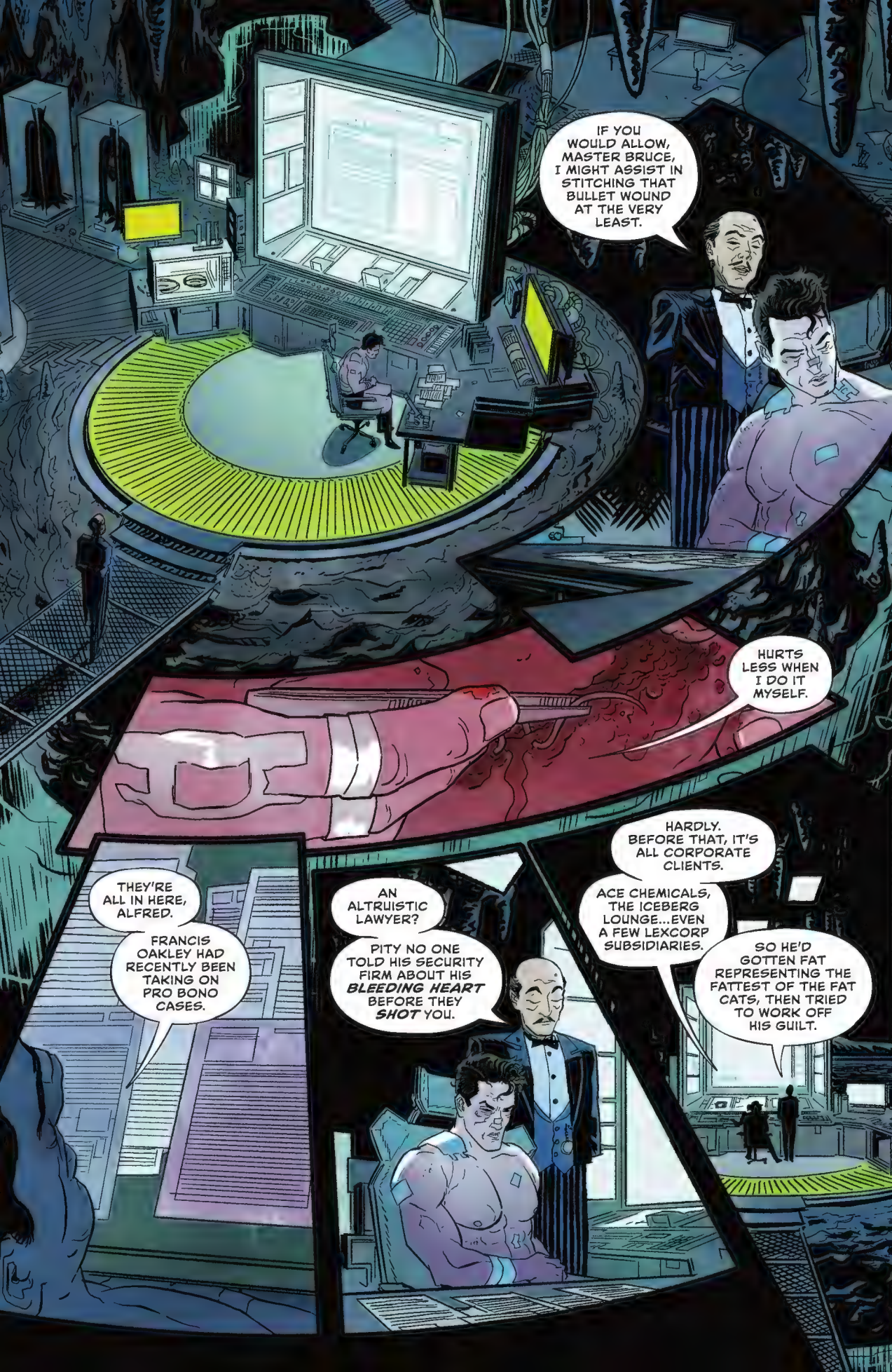


They have
not come
to play.



MNNH!





IF YOU
WOULD ALLOW,
MASTER BRUCE,
I MIGHT ASSIST IN
STITCHING THAT
BULLET WOUND
AT THE VERY
LEAST.

HURTS
LESS WHEN
I DO IT
MYSELF.

THEY'RE
ALL IN HERE,
ALFRED.

FRANCIS
OAKLEY HAD
RECENTLY BEEN
TAKING ON
PRO BONO
CASES.

AN
ALTRUISTIC
LAWYER?

PITY NO ONE
TOLD HIS SECURITY
FIRM ABOUT HIS
BLEEDING HEART
BEFORE THEY
SHOT YOU.

HARDLY.
BEFORE THAT, IT'S
ALL CORPORATE
CLIENTS.

ACE CHEMICALS,
THE ICEBERG
LOUNGE...EVEN
A FEW LEXCORP
SUBSIDIARIES.

SO HE'D
GOTTEN FAT
REPRESENTING THE
FATTEST OF THE FAT
CATS, THEN TRIED
TO WORK OFF
HIS GUILT.



THE MAN WHO DIED TONIGHT WAS **PROSECUTED** A FEW YEARS AGO--ACCUSED IN THE DEATHS OF HIS ELDERLY PARENTS, AND QUICKLY CLEARED WITH OAKLEY'S HELP.

COULD THESE BE **REVENGE** KILLINGS OF SOME KIND?

CHOI DIDN'T DO IT. THE WIRING IN THEIR CARBON MONOXIDE ALARM WAS FAULTY.

THE MAN WHO DIED LAST NIGHT LOST A LAWSUIT AGAINST THE CITY AFTER A BRIDGE COLLAPSED WHILE HIS WIFE DROVE HIS DAUGHTERS HOME ACROSS IT.

OAKLEY REPRESENTED THE CITY.

ONE A NIGHT. MEN WHO LOST THEIR FAMILIES. WHO WERE LEFT **ALONE** IN THE WORLD BY TRAGEDIES.

YOU **ARE** AWARE THERE'S STILL A BULLET SHARD INSIDE THAT WOUND YOU'RE STITCHING?

MASTER BRUCE, I'M AFRAID I MUST INSIST.

THERE'S A **HALF-DOZEN** MORE MEN IN THESE FILES WHO MEET THE SAME CRITERIA.

HOW WILL YOU KNOW WHO'S NEXT?
YOU THINK THEY'RE ALL TARGETS?



ARMITAGE.
CHOI.

HE'S SIMPLY
WORKING
THROUGH THEM
ALPHABETICALLY.

Tch!

SORRY.
ALMOST
DONE...

"...SO THEN
WHO'S ON
THE LIST FOR
TOMORROW
NIGHT?"

The signal has
been lit since
sundown.

No doubt Gordon wants
to know exactly what I
thought I was doing at
the law office last night.

But I cannot
leave my post.

A large, dark, and moody illustration of Batman perched on a rooftop. He is wearing his iconic black suit with a yellow bat emblem on the chest and a black cape. He is looking down towards a window in a brick building below. The background shows a cityscape with tall buildings and a yellow sky, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall tone is somber and mysterious.

Michael Gallo is a petty thief--or he was until a year ago, when he made the mistake of robbing the home of a made man affiliated with the Falcones.

No police report was filed, of course. The crime families conduct their own investigations.

A week later, Gallo's wife was found floating in Gotham Bay.

He got the message, and has been working as a janitor ever since. He refused to get involved in a class action case built against the Falcones.

I bugged his apartment while he was at work. Inside felt like a shrine to the dead woman.

He's been sobbing since he returned home an hour ago.

But now... footsteps.

MR. GALLO.

Wh-WHAT? WHO'S THERE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY APARTMENT?

IT IS SO LONELY, ISN'T IT?

OH GOD...
WHAT ARE
YOU?

EVERY NIGHT
YOU CRY, AND THE
WOUNDS NEVER
CLOSE.

THE
BAPING HOLES
THEY LEAVE
BEHIND.

I wait, and let
him speak.

He won't speak so
freely after he's
apprehended.

Who are
they?

I CAN GIVE
YOU WHAT I COULD
NEVER HAVE. WHAT
THEY TOOK AWAY
FROM ME.

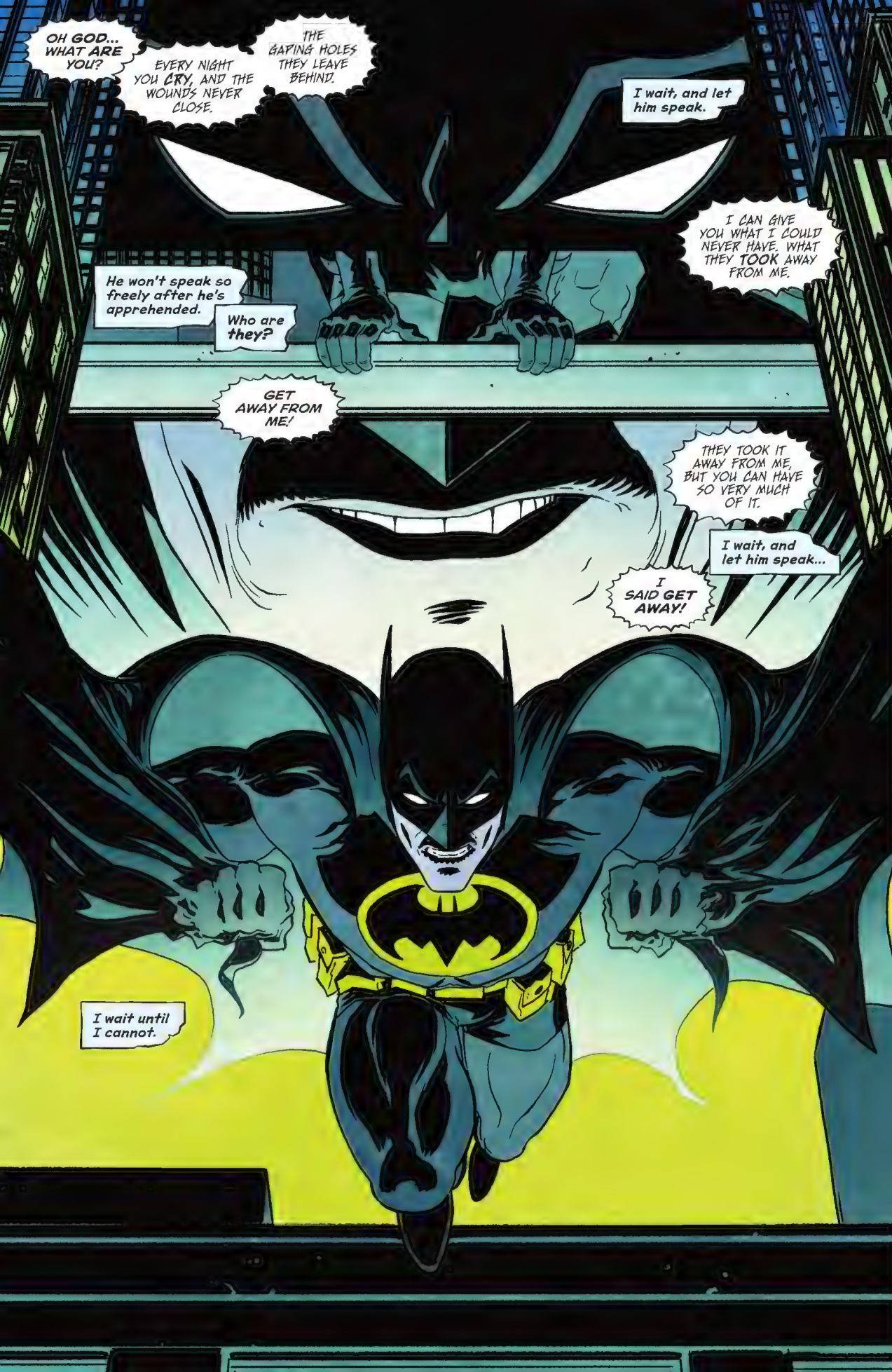
GET
AWAY FROM
ME!

THEY TOOK IT
AWAY FROM ME,
BUT YOU CAN HAVE
SO VERY MUCH
OF IT.

I wait, and
let him speak...

I
SAID GET
AWAY!

I wait until
I cannot.





DID THAT
HURT?



DID
THAT
HURT?!

He's no fighter. His
stance is nonexistent,
his hands low.

I aim for his solar
plexus, to shut this
down before it even
starts...

...and then I realize
those are nails
I'm about to drive
through his throat.

A close-up of Batman's face in profile, looking intently at the Joker's chest. The Joker's skin is red and covered in numerous small, dark, circular holes. Several wooden skewers are embedded in his chest and arms.

And if I strike his chest,
the spikes in his flesh are
in danger of rupturing
his heart or lungs.

A wider shot of the Joker in a room with wooden paneling. He is holding a wooden skewer in his right hand. Batman is visible in the foreground, looking at the Joker's arm which is also covered in the same holes and has a skewer embedded in it.

Even those in
his arms and legs
seem purposefully
adjacent to the
major arteries.

Batman is shown from the chest up, holding the Joker's arm. He has a grimacing expression. The Joker's arm is covered in the same holes and has a skewer embedded in it.

His flesh is
a tapestry of
near-fatal self-
mutilation...
I can't hit
him without
killing him.

A close-up of the Joker's face, looking directly at the viewer. He has a wide, menacing grin. His skin is red and covered in the same holes. A skewer is visible in the background.

But he can
hit me.

The Joker is shown from the chest up, hitting Batman with a wooden skewer. Batman is recoiling, and his chest is visible, showing a yellow and black bat symbol. The Joker's arm is covered in the same holes and has a skewer embedded in it.

And he
does.



He shouldn't be this strong.

He should be in agony.

It's like he doesn't feel it.

He doesn't feel it.

I need to use the belt. There must be something--some way to stop him hitting me.



But apparently Gallo has been prepared in case the Falcones ever came back for him.

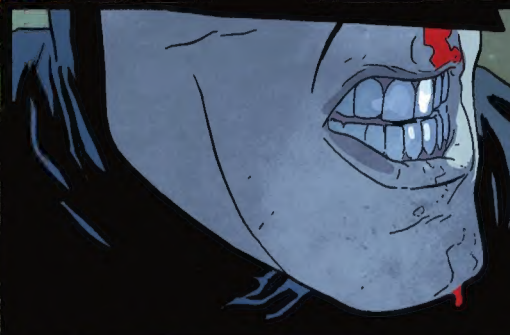


The shot is wild.
It goes safely
wide.

But it's still a
shotgun fired
in a living room.



By the time I can
see and hear again,
the killer is gone.



YOU
IDIOT.



He shouldn't
be that fast.

WHAT
THE HELL DID
THAT THING
WANT?

TO
TORTURE YOU
TO DEATH.



WHAT?
WHY?!

"...WHAT IS HE?"

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, MASTER WAYNE?

IT'S SOMEWHERE IN ONE OF THESE. MY FATHER'S OLD MEDICAL BOOKS.

IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, IT FIRST APPEARED IN **MEDIEVAL** MANUSCRIPTS GOING BACK TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

IT WAS INTENDED AS A MAP OF PAIN. A PORTRAIT OF EVERY AGONY THAT COULD BE INFLICTED ON THE HUMAN BODY.

SOUNDS SOMEWHAT ABOMINABLE.

IT WASN'T MEANT FOR HARM. IT WAS INTENDED AS AN INDEX TO **CURE** PEOPLE OF THEIR SUFFERING.

HERE IT IS. THIS IS WHAT ATTACKED ME TONIGHT.

THE **WOUND MAN**. HE THINKS HE'S HEALING HIS VICTIMS IN SOME WAY.

AND TOMORROW NIGHT, HE WILL KILL AGAIN.



TRACTATUS DE
ET COMPLETUS DE
CRANEI, AB EXIMIO
dicina Doctore D. Magistro lae
pensi publice Chirurgiam o
Gymnasio Bononienfi



Laurento Medice
Vi Lauro mcr

M D

TO BE CONTINUED...

GHOSTS OF THE PAST RETURN TO HAUNT GOTHAM'S PRESENT!

BATMAN[™]
IN
**DETECTIVE
COMICS**[™]

© & TM DC.

Eisner Award-
winning writer

TOM TAYLOR

and superstar artist

MIKEL JANÍN

reveal startling secrets
of the Dark Knight's origin



GO ALL IN
MONTHLY



ALL IN



EXPLORE
ALL THINGS
ALL IN!

THE DC ALL IN MOMENTUM CONTINUES IN DECEMBER, WITH FOUR NEW SERIES LAUNCHES IN THE DC UNIVERSE AND TWO CAN'T-MISS ONE-SHOTS!

The repercussions of *DC All In Special* are felt in *The New Gods* #1 by writer Ram V and artist Evan Cagle, as Metron receives a cosmos-shattering prophecy! In *Challengers of the Unknown* #1 from writer Christopher Cantwell and artist Sean Izaakse, the titular team runs day-to-day operations on the Justice League's Watchtower—and teams with them to save the galaxy! Harvey Dent uses his legal expertise to resolve conflicts between Gotham's villains in *Two-Face* #1 by writer Christian Ward and artist Fábio Veras! Writer Al Ewing and artist Steve Lieber team for an all-new tale of Rex Mason in *Metamorpho: The Element Man* #1!

Plus, learn the secrets of recent developments in Metropolis in *Superwoman Special* by writer Joshua Williamson and artist Edwin Galmon, and DC's premier super-team ventures into the nest of the parademon in *Justice League Unlimited* #2 by writer Mark Waid and artist Dan Mora.

HERE'S YOUR GUIDE TO DC ALL IN THIS DECEMBER:



***The New Gods* #1**
cover by Nimit Malavia



***Challengers of the Unknown* #1**
cover by Mike Deodato Jr.



***Two-Face* #1**
cover by Baldermar Rivas



***Metamorpho: The Element Man* #1**
cover by Steve Lieber



***Superwoman Special* #1**
cover by Edwin Galmon



***Justice League Unlimited* #2**
cover by Dan Mora

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